NEW YORK, SUNDAY, AUGUST 9, 1885.-TWELVE PAGES.

THE HERO LAID TO REST

Gen. Grant Buried with Military Honors at Riverside.

NORTH AND SOUTH UNITED.

Rr-Confederate Generals Lock Arms with Union Generals at the Tomb.

The Milliary Pageant in Broadway and FIRE Avenue-Haif a Million Strangers in the City-Men-of-War Anchored in the Hudson Fire Salutes as the Procession dent Cirveland and his Cabinet, the Governors of Many States, Senators, and Congressmen Present-83,000 Men in the Line, seleding the New York Regiments, the United States Regulars, Visiting Regiments of the Antional Guard, Marines and Sailers, and Veterans of the War Escort the Foreral Car-Incidents Along the Line of Day Honored in Many Towns and Cities Throughout the Union-Scenes at the Burial Piace Scaling Up the Tomb and Setting a Watch to Remain Thirty Days

There have not often been gathered in one place so many men whose names have been conschold words, and whose lives have been inwoven with the history of a grave crisis in a great nation's life as met yesterday in this city. The scene was before Gen. Grant's tomb in Biverside Park; the space was less than goes to haif an ordinary city block, and the names of the actors were William T. Sherman, Joe John-ston, Phil Sheridan, Simon B. Buckner, John A. Logan, W. S. Hancock, Fitz John Porter, Chester A. Arthur, Thomas A. Hendricks, John Sherman, Pitz Hugh Lee, John B. Gordon David D. Porter, Thomas F. Bayard, John L. Worden, and a dozen others naturally linked in the mind with these greater men. Among them, like children amid gray heads, or shadows beside monuments, were other men more newly famous, and famous only for deeds of peace in times of quiet and plenty—a Presient an ex-President, Governors, Mayora, and millionaires. And all were paying homage to the greatest figure of their time, whose mortal remains they pressed around with bared

Yesterday was a beautiful golden day. In the early morning, when the sun first lighted the sky so that the anxious multitude could red the promise of the usual signs, a thin well of clouds, like a curtain of white lace, helped the light wind that stirred the tree tops to cool the air and to offset the heat of the rays of the missummer sun. The population of the great city had bounded from its ordinary limit at a million and a half to very much nearer two millions, and citizens and strangers, side by side, were early in the streets seek ing vantage points from which to view the obequies of the nation's horo.

The hotels were never more crowded. The

big and little ones, the famous and the obscure, were all so well filled that if some of the late were not forced to sleep on cots, at sast there were no rooms for any more. But it was not only in this way, and by reason of the country relatives and friends who quarterthemselves in the houses of the citizens that the population grew so suddenly. Much nore was the increase due to the boat loads and train loads that were rolled into the depots of the compass from daylight until noon

Imagine the seene from a balloon poised over night. In most of the streets were little, broken, irregular lines of men and women, moving In the other streets that and in the great mouth-like ferry slips were denser, broader processions, always toward Broadway. A little later, armed and uniformed lines symmetrical and moving like solid bodies penetrated the city from an sides, as a had been a capitulation after a siege. They etrated the city from all sides, as if there marched up from the Battery, norose from the North River, over the Brooklyn bridge, and in from the East River terries. The people no longer moved in thread-like lines; they poured out of all the houses and rushed hither and thither, jostling and pushing to get to Broadway and afterward to get good standing places there. The ear then shared the enjoymen with the eye, for there came through the air the blare and clash of great bands, the shrill thin music of files, the rat-a-plan of drums. and the sound of thousands treading in unison. Only a little later came other bodies in

sayer uniforms out of the avenues, and on, like all the rest, to Broadway. Buddenly, as the eye scanned the miles of streets and houses, a flash of flame, a puff of smoke, and a loud concussion would call at tention to a fleet of men-of-war in the broad at their sterns, and others with tiny steamboats plying between them and the shore, as they pulled with the tide upon their heavy anchor chains. No shots fly from the beiching iron mouths between their decks, for they are mereb saluting with minute guns the dead Commander-in-Chief. Following the lines of smoke they roll from the cannons to the shore, the ere would rest upon a little round-topped ling, on a gentle knoll, amid the lufty trees becomize the Mecon of the tireless bodies trudging in line in all the city below.

Thus the city prepared itself to provide and to witness the solemn ceremonies attendant on burial of Ulyanes S. Grapt. The day is likely ever to be a notable one in the city's history. For the historian the scene at the tomb where the victors and the vanquished in the war the rebellion clasped hands and mingled their tears before the populace will seem most important, and for all who had any share in the esy's demonstration the enormous number of persons who gathered here to see the corteg. and the burial will seem as remarkable, though less important. The procession by itself was beautiful, but by no means large or peculiar in any respect. There were only 35,000 men in line, and all of them were seen by only the few who gathered along the few blocks between that point at which the last organization fell istoline, and that other point at which the ma-

pority quitted the line of march.

There was one unique feature of the military demonstration. All who took part in it themselves saw nearly all the rest in line. A bird's ere view seventing the method which brought his about would have been interesting. When Gen. Hancock, commanding the Federal troops, marched up from the Battery, and the last of the line had passed the marble hall in which the hero's remains had been lying in state, the immediate body guard and escort with the funeral car passed out of the City Hall Park and joined the regular troops is Broadway. There, drawn up along the cast ide of Broadway, with guns at "present." o the equivalet of that position with the e who had no guns, were in one long line the militis the veteran organizations, and the Grand Army sosts, which, in their turn and at the proper

points, wheeled in behind the body they had trod Broadway. Somebody at one part just reviewed, lengthening it and going with it. of the route reminded those around him of

THE LAST NIGHT WITH THE DEAD. The sable-curtained vestibule of the City Hall at daybreak presented a scene like a tableau of a Court of Death. The setting was like that on a stage, closed bobind, open in front, and set with a funeral canopy, a coffin, and row upon row of rigid, almost motionless guards in many uniforms. Nothing was wantles. A vast assembly out in the rark craned forward and stood on tiptoe to see the spectacle. As the last of the throngs about the Hall dispersed the night before, and the sounds from the streets grew fainter, silence fell upon all the building. Only now and then the sound of subdued footsteps was heard in the corri-dors as the closing of a distant door caused faint echoes from the dusty nocks of the old building. The guards stood silently about the casket. It was their last night's vigil. For over two weeks the faithful Grand Army men had not left the side of the coffin.
At 19 minutes past 1 the undertakers had

placed the lid upon the casket and fastened it down, to be lifted again, perhaps, only when the body is placed in the grave for its final rest. There was little ceremony about the proceedings. The giass top of the casket was repol-ished, the purple of the cover cleaned of dust and stains, and the lower half placed carefully in its place. Then the guards and the few people standing about took their last brief look at the face of the dead, the heavy cover was alid into place, and the entire top firmly fastered down. After that the undertakers went away to their homes, and the guards resumed their silent watch. Upon the cover of the casket had been seemedy fastened the pretty wreath of oak leaves that Gen. Grant's grandchild Julia and the little daughter of Dr. Douglas had woven, the first floral offering that was laid upon the dead soldier's breast. It went with the remains to their last abode, and, fast shut out from air and light, will many and many a year after the childish hands

that twined it have been mouldering in dust.

The first faint hints of dawn that crept into casket brought with them hints of preparations for the impressive events of the day There was unusual stir without, and the trampling of many feet in the plaza before the Hall. Boon the sounds of life began increasing in the corridors of the building, and vestibule about the catafalque was nearly half filled with shifting groups, who moved about with uncovered heads, speaking in subdued tones. At a little before 9 o'clock the commander of the guard from the Seventy-first Regiment, with half-whispered words of ommand, formed his men and marched them away. Their duties were over. There remained then about the catalaique only the dark bive uniforms of the Graud Army men.

A MEMORABLE MORNING PICTURE. No one except a policeman on duty all night pressed against the ropes and police lives that hemmed in the empty plaza began to gather, but it was in truth a multitude when, at half past 8 o'clock, two companies of regulars marched to the slow music of the David's Island Government band into the enclosure before the City Hall. One company was Battery A of the Fifth Artillery, the other Company E of the Twelfth Infantrythe companies that were detailed to do duty by the hero's body soon after life quitted it. Both were commanded by Capt. Beck. The horses were tethered to trees, the nusicians flung themselves upon the grass, the soldier sdrew back from the asphalt under the shade of the trees, and the officers elattered to and fro or strode about the empty space like players on a stage.

The sunlight gilded the scene, and it will be

ong remembered by all who saw it. The red plumes among the trees, the colored figures mettlesome horses, highly caparisoned, but lines of policemen backed against the dark mass of onlookers were but so many parts of a picture that included rows of spectators on dizzy roof lines, groups of men and women ing, the crowded windows on all sides, even in the deserted hotel next above THE SUN building, and to ad of which was added, outside of the picture, the dispason of great regimental bands moving up Broadway, and the shrill

strains of filers in the side streets.

Prosently there dashed into the centre of the open space the martial figure of Major-Gon. Winfield S. Hancock on a big bay horse and in full regimentals, with a bull sash and crape-bound arm. Superintendent Murray walked out from the City Hall, and the hero of Gettysburg leaned from his saddle to say, impresmust start at 10 o'clock. An aide or two who and pushed on after the General, like shadows chasing him, received short commands in firm ing the great stage to a cavaleade of mounted men, mainly in officers' uniforms, with cocked beavers and dove-colored sashes, who moved toward the General in a crescent-shaped line One among them, a big-bearded, big-bodied man, with twinkling eyes, and a face that resolved itself into one grant oval smile, rode out from among the others and grapped the General's hand. It was Fitz lingh Lee, the pride of the Virginia Democracy, the nephew of Robert E. Loe, and grand-nephew of Light Horse Harry of 1776. He wore a dove-colored sash like the rest, but, instead of a golden belt and blazing epaulets and a cocked hat, his dress was a business suit of brown and a slate-colored Derby hat. Presently, Gen. Hancock rode out of the park with the long line of aides galloping

after him. LEADING THE MARCH.

Every one, whether he could see Broadway or not knew then the head of the procession had begun the march to Biverside Park; that is to say, that the regulars of the army and navy who had reached the park under Gen. Hancock's leadership would continue their march when he took his piace at the head of the line For twenty minutes after that the melody of the passing bands filled the air. This was by all odds the most picturesque and interesting part of the procession. Its like had been seen only twice of late years in this city—on the centennial anniversary of Evacuation Dey and

on last Wednesday.

First came the General in command and the clattering cavalcade of aides, then the band of the Engineer Corps, and a light battery of rug-ged rough-und-ready fellows with joiting field pleces and clumsy big horses; then a detail in the sober uniform of the engineers, more thundering artillerymen, and the naval brigade. The sailors were a delight to the multitude by the wayside. With their white cans and white shirts the street, at a distance, looked as if a white sheet had fallen on it; but it was man at hand that they were most interesting. In the first place, they did not seem to have clothes enough. One missed their coats, and felt that something ought to be devised to cover the big space of brown skin between the low and open shirt collars and the pancake hats on the tiptop of each one's head. Then again they were almost ludicrous, if one regarded only their mode of locomotion. It cannot be said that they marched. They lurched and wabbled along; they bumped against one another and tripped over their own feet occasionally. At times a whole squad would careen toward the people on one sidewalk, and then catch itself and lurch the other way, like the dying motions of a apinning plate. But they were far from arous-

er, and braver looking lot of men never

how like tigers the tars fought for Gen. Scott in Mexico, and no one doubted that they would do it again for Hancock if they had the chance. It must have been this feeling and the general human love for a sallor that controlled the risi-bilities of the concourse when at the end of the brigade a great number of those big, honest, clumsy follows appeared dragging a few Gatling guns. These guns are formidable enough in action, but in repose they are as small field pieces, and the sight of fifty tars manning twice as much rope as was ever used to show

off Big Six in a fireman's procession came very close to being ludicrous.

The marines looked and marched well, but exhibited the least artistically dressed officers ver seen in a military procession. Next to the tars in general interest was the Marine Band from Washington, a colossal orchestra, trained to preserve perfect time, and to produce the most delightful music. The Ploneer Corps.

Jack tars with axes over their shoulders, was a notable bit of this section of the procession. The tars who did not swarm before diminutive cannon or carry axes all had carbines, so held that one hand held the muzzle close to the small of the back and the butt was caught between the upper arm and the body.

BRINGING THE COFFIN INTO THE LINE. bers of the Liederkranz Society, all dressed in Hall like a dark wave. When the top most rank had reached the last step the entire body stopped, forming a pyramid, of which a small group of players on musical instruments were the apex, on the pavement below. They sang first Schubert's "Song of the Spirits Over the

bad reached the last step the outire body storped forming a pyramid, of whien as manifer storped forming a pyramid, of whien as manifer storped forming a pyramid, of whien as manifer storped for the apac, not the pace ment below. They are manifered for the apac, not the pace ment below. They are manifered for the apac, not the pace ment and the procession. The storped for the apac, not the pace ment and the storped for the apac, not the pace ment and the storped for the apac, not the pace ment and the storped for the apac, not the pace ment and the storped for the apac, not the pace ment and the storped for the apac, not the pace ment and the storped for the apac, not the pace ment and the storped for the apac, not the pace ment and the pac

ontlines and the spareness of its general effect, had bunched three small flags on the outer side of each corner pillar, first cloaking the flags in a sheet of gauzy black crape. It no longer reflected discredit upon the city. The Federal troops were far ahead when the body guard and its charge passed up the great artery of the city, the second division, consisting of militia and veitran organizations, falling into line shead of it, and the Grand Army poets and others coming along behind it.

At the moni-ent that the great hearse left the park there flashed from the Western Union main office a signal that the honorary resting place. An instant later the fant sound of the bells of old Trinity and rest the londer tones of those in old St. Paul's floated out upon the air. There were moments after that on the line of march when this doleful sound of tolling bells was not he-ril, but they were few, and were due only to the absence of churches. The bells were ringing, though they could not be heard, not in New York alone, but from Maine to Mexico, for when the electric sparks carried the signal Extons were waiting by prearrangement, hand on rope, all over the land. The message read:

5:50.A. M.: Sen. Grant's casket new in catafalque; procession starts.

UP THE BOUTE AHPAD.

message read:

9:00 A. M.: Gen. Grant's casket new in catafalque:
procession starts.

**The line of march was up Broadway to Fourteenth street. Fifth avenue to Fifty-soventh
street, to Broadway again and to the Boulevard. to Seventy-second street, to the end of
Riverside Driva, and thus through the slender
unfinished little park to the tomb. Ahead of
the advancing vanguard of police the view was
singular. The crupe-curtained walls of liroadway waved and fluttered in a most unaubstantial fashion, and everywhere from aidewalk to
cornice were walls of spectators, viewed at full
length at the curbing, in terraces between that
and the houses, and ties in bust views,
and by faces in the ascending lines
of windows. Over all, the flags were flying
mournfully close to the roofs. Commissioner
Coleman had taken the duat away so ably that
the stones shone with neatness. In Fifth avenue the mourning emblems were scarce, and
reminders of the Broadway display, such as
that made by the lavishly decked Union League
Club, were rare. But there were as many spectators in the avenue as there had been in
Broadway, and the breadth and density of the
walting lines did not diminish until Riverside
Drive was reached, where, by general consent,
thousands agreed among themselves that no
one would stand, and therefore thousands betook themselves.

A the procession moved up town it was
viewed by hastry twenty miles of men, women,
and children, standing shoulder to shoulder on
either sided; the nine-and-a-half-mile line of
march. Believes and therefore thousands betook themselves,
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populare was subdued and decorous, exactly
to be fitted, are swelly the fight size for
boys and the right shape for comfort.

A most every rings had a bown of the process
t UP THE BOUTE AHPAD.

human fence on each side of the men in line all along the routs. There are only 2,200, or thereabouts, in the force, and 500 or more were taking care of the semi-abandoned quarters of the town: but it seemed as if there must be many thousands of them along the route of the town: but it seemed as if there must be many thousands of them along the route of the town: but it seemed as if there must be many thousands of them along the route of the first day but with that everlasting handling and pawing of the populace for which they are distinguished, and which in a Southern city would provoke a riot the first day the operation was introduced. It seemed impossible for a policeman to speak to a citizen without at the same time laying a hand or a billy uten him. To urge the crowd onward or back or to disperse a part of it without a poke of the ciub here and there in the yielding mass was and always has been out of the question. It did the citizens good to see Superintentent Murray, as active as the Irishman's fea, now in a carriage and now on foot, apparently at both ends of the city at once—a quisity behaved, low-voiced, mild-locking young man, with what the cierks in the furnishing latores would call "a double steel frame, warranted to wear."

There were inquiries for Gen. Sherman all along the line, particularly when the signt of Gen. Hancock called to mind the senior Gen. Hancock called to mind the senior General of the army by a friend a day or two hofore. On horseback?" people asked one another in whispers, Exactly this question was asked of a General of the army by a friend a day or two hofore. On horseback and in valideary and democratic old fighter did ride in a carriage along with the other pall bearers, though not in allian duster. He was ablaze with gold, and no man's uniform was worn with more grace or better effect than he wore his.

He and Gen. Joseph Eccleston Johnston were kept in a carriage for nearly one hour at the side of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Before them were officers on horsebuck and in vehicle

City hist.

Toworing above all around them rose the anormous grenadier hats of the Old Guard. They led the has Governor's Guard of Harricovel Live of the veteran, and were followed by the men. Then came a prismatic property of the men. The came a prismatic of the zouwes and the Continentalers, the whole of this group closing with the swarthy faces of three companies of colored veterans. Major-Gen. Molineux and staff led the second division, with the Thirty-second. Forty-saventh, and Twenty-third Regiments following close behind him, and following these came in rapid succession the Thirtsenth. Fourteenth, and Seventeenth.

With every regiment was an ambulance service and it was kept pretty busy, not so much in attending to the wents of the south of the fresh breezo and left the sun to beat down upon them. Many little children were overcome and carried away. A colored girl about 18 dropped sunseless in front of Delmonico's it was clear at the first glance that her condition was critical. A physician happened to stand by her in the throng, and at once took charge of her. He called to a walter standing in a window in Delmonico's to bring him some brandy, which the walter declined to do until he got money. A geotleman threw a quarter at him, which fall inside and cap of a veteran was so nearly overcome that he recided to death of the bound and trembled like a leaf, yet he would not leave the curb. He was no obstinately bent on killing himself by clinging to the military speciale that he had to be dragged away almost by force. The ambulances were made of a worker and trembled like a leaf, yet he would not leave the curb. He was no obstinately bent on killing himself by clinging to the military speciale that he had to be dragged away almost by force. The numbulances were made of a money bearing of the young men who composed in the serious properties. A money for the form the fine appearance.

to see the sights around them. The public gave them a cold shoulder, and tiptoed to see what was coming along down the street where a band was heard playing. Yet these carriage folk were important personages. The slender Governor of this State, with his round pale face and little brown moustache, was among them, and was recognized by thousands, while kolossal Leon Abbett of New Jersey caught many a nod from the sidewalks. Other Governors, whom few could tell apart from their staffa, were those of Rhode Island, Dakota, Vermont, Ponnsylvania, Illinois, Michigao, Wisconsin, Massacusetts, Connecticut, and Manne.

The man who came the furthest, and yet was by no means the least frequently pointed out by friends or acquaintances, was Mr. Clay W. Taylor, representing the Governor of California, a man framed mainly in generous curves, black haired, pink faced and jolly looking. He is a young lawyer and miner, a Niste Senator, a

Taylor, representing the Governor of California, a man framed mainly in generous curvea, black haired, pink faced and jolly looking. He is a young lawyer and miner, a State Senator, a thirty-third degree Mason, and a big fraternity man generally, with the Gubernatorial bee making his bonnet hum. He rode with the Governor of West Virginia and the representative of Indians.

There were about 100 carriage loads of Mayors and Aldermen from Brooklyn, Hartford, New Haven, Boston, St. Loois, Elizabeth, and Hudson, those of New York city being included, and the Federal officials of this district the members of the Society of the Cincinnati, the orippied veterans, the Committee of One Hundred solid New Yorkers, the Indian Commissionors, and President Frankin of the Soldiers' Home being also in the monotonous line.

READY AT THE TOMB.

Soldiers' Home being also in the monotonous line.

READY AT THE TOMB.

At 10 o'clock Riverside Park was almost bare of people, and was literally fenced in by policomen, some of the Park force and some municipal. The temporary temb shone in the suningh, the appaint rounded roof reflecting the rays as if it were so much polished steel. In front of it was a level platform of rough pine boards, on which settees stood in many rows. They were for the pall bearers and distinguished men to rest on while viewing the last ceremonies. Next the tomb was a small raw pine stand for the reporters. To the north was the Claremont Hotel, wholly covered with black cloth. Over in the lee of the hill, with their pointed tops just showing in white triangles above the edge of the hill, were eight or ten army tents. These were for the guard over the tomb, a company of heavy artillery. In front of the tomb, and constantly surrounded by slightseers was a great polished box of cedar, bound by many nickel guards at the edges. This box has a lead lining to be soldered tight when the coffin had been lowered into it. In the open doorway to the tomb, whose interior is all of white enamelled brick, stood the great stoel envelope, riveted and boilted like a boiler, and so massive as to suggest the strength of a burgiar-proof safe. A short staff allowed a bright by flag to trail on the ground at the tomb.

The ruffled surface of the great bine river and the verdure-hid hills of Jerser shone beyond the Park on one side, and on the other side, behind the police picket line, was a soid line of citizens many rows deep, under parasole and umbrellas. Helmost the centre of the line a mound of humanity rose upon a viewing stand. The nucleus of this great concourse was a little band of thirteen men, who, to be early on hand, slept under the trees in the Park all night and were routed outside its boundaries by the police soon after daylreak.

The sky was high and bright; as clear and blue as ever roofed the bay of Naples. Once a minute a cannon boomed fro

Park, and vouch safed shelter from the dangerous heat.

The bumporary vault disappointed the multitude. They seemed to expect a larger and more showy tomb. But it has dignity and is solid and serviceable. It is a small, square-walled shell of red and black brick, with a high semi-cylindrical roof of brick coated with asphalt. Stone trimmings, a light fron cross and barred iron outergabes, with the letter "G." in the confre of a wreath on each gate, comprise its ornaments. It is an exact copy of Henry Heige's tomb near Callac, Peru.

It is safe to say that no one was disappointed with the site selected for the great hero's resting place. Among all the superb visitas that the upper shores of Manhattan Island afford there is none to compare with this. The

the upper shores of Manhattan Island afford there is none to compare with this. The beautiful Bergen Heights and the Palisades into which they merge form the only suburban prospects undisturbed by the overflow of nopulation. Only here and there are little clusters of houses, and they enhance the picturesqueness of the view. The great blue river carries the eye from the wooded walls of the lighlands down to that distant southern outlook where, above the trees, are seen the smoke, the roofs, and the forest of masts that surgest the near but unobtrusted presence of the metropolis. HANGOCK, LEE, AND GORDON.

niciais in front of the tomb—mosars, Murray, nounced that the procession indentered the Park at Seventy-second street, three miles in the control of the control of the control of the interest of the control of the bleff, and telegraphed the news to the fleet by means of a red flag with a white square in the centre.

A. M. Carvaiho, photographer, took pictures of the tomb to be sold in behalf of the monument fund. A half dozen men with the other special of the control of the cont

was almost encircled by lines and squares of military. Gen. Shaler, with Major Bell and an orderly, rode rapidly to the tomb, saw the arrangement of the troops, and, after a word with Gen. Hance & disappeared again. He rode well, but with a figure as stiff as the sword be carried, bare bladed and upright from his pommel.

The next arrivals of interest were those of Police Commissioners French, Fitz John Porter, Voorbis, and McClave, in black Prince Alberts and high white haus. Then came Mayor Grace, short, thickset, spectacled, found browed, and intensely busy and responsible looking. For three mortal hours the spectators, now numbering 15,000, waited in that bot sun under the most tremendous display of umbrellas that has been seen since the city turned out and waited in a pouring rain to see the Evacuation Day centennial parade. It had threatened rain, at least in the form of a thunder shower, but the clouds rolled away, the breeze followed them, and the vindictive sun rode up from the East to the zenith, and then began his descent into the Hackensack valley, all while the thousands waited, and waited patiently and quietly.

COMING OF THE COFFIN.

It was not until 4% o'clock that the bustle which pressaged the arrival of the execut of the

waited, and waited patiently and quietly.

OMING OF TRE COPTIN.

It was not until 4% o'clock that the bustle which presaged the arrival of the escort of the funeral car was perceptible down the river bank. The naval minute guns had been silent for a long time, but now they belched their noise and smoke again, drums beat to assemble all over the grounds, equerries dashed hither and thither, complacent, coroulent officials grew excited; the crowd braced up, the approaching dust and bustle resolved itself in a mass of glittering steel and gay clothing, and was accompanied by the welcome sound of a solemn directrom the brass throats of the Government band that preseded the lumbering, lurching, rumbling funeral car.

Over the field of sand and pebbles, in many carriages, came the clergy and the physicians who had never left the coffin, The Rev. Dr. Newman. Drs. Shrady, Douglas, Sands, and Elilott; Rabbi Browne, Bishop Harris, the Rev. Robert Coliger, the Rev. Dr. Bridgman, Father McGlynn, and the Rev, Dr. Chambers, all were recognized. The eyes of those who wanted to keep pace with events were kept wondrously busy after that. Great men came in profusion, and great events followed on one another's heels more rapidly than even the reporters' pencils could more than jot them down in skeleton notes.

In the next carriages were Gen. W. T. Sher-

peucilis could more than jot them down in skeleton noise.

In the next carriages were Gen. W. T. Sherman and Gen. Joe Johnston seated side by side; Gen. Phil Sheridan and Gen. Buckner, side by side; John A. Logan, ex-Secretary Boutwell, ex-Secretary Belknap, John Sherman: Rutherford B. Haves and ex-President Arthur, the last two side by side: Mr. George Jones, Gen. Stone, Col. Fred Grant and his wife and two children; Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Grant and one child; Uiysses S. Grant, Jr., and his wife, and Mrs. Sartoris—loved by the public and known for years as Nellie, the General's petted daughter; Senntors, Generals, Congressmen, Governors, Mayora, Assemblymen, and no one will ever know who all, came as in a cloud, and seemed all to alight at oneo.

AN UNFORTUNATE SCRAMBLE.

and no one will ever know who all, came as in a cloud, and seemed all to alight at ones.

AN UNFORTUNATE SCRAMBLE.

It had been planned that the Grand Army men and the clergy were to stand by the coffin with the mourning relatives, the pail bearers, and, if he wished it, the President, the ox-President and the ex-Cabinet Ministers of Gen. Grant's Administrations. The remainder of the great folks were to be accommodated with settees on the grand stand, fifty feet away, within good seeing distance and fair hearing distance of the burial ceremonics. Why this plan utterly fell through, or how it did so, further than for the reason that very great personages are apt to display the weak attributes of common humanity at times, cannot now be said. To follow events in their course, this is what occurred: Some of the great personages were driven to the platform of the grand stand, and there stepped from their carriages. This room being occupied the others at distances further and further away stepped from their phacton steps down upon the sand. The great funeral car rolled swaying and thurdering to its place between the stand and the outer coffin at the door of the tomb. Workmen brought the movable steps and put them in place. The constantly arriving carriages keet increasing the distance from the tomb at which the personages alight the tomb. Workmen brought the movable steps and put them in place. The constantly arriving carriages kept increasing the distance from the tomb at which the personages slighted. The searce ones who first reached their feet, saw the Grand Army men lifting the coffin to the ground. Pall bearers, clergy, physicians, mourners and others who had to stand by the coffin, were shaking hands with and talking to old friends and new acquaintances. They saw the necessity for going to the coffin's side, and disengaging thomselves, they went from every portion of the confused and tangled throng straight to the tomb. Those they had been spoaking to them went after them, and thus there was a general movement toward the tomb and coffin by those who were unconscious of the impropriety of the movement and by that larger number of those "children of a larger growth" who are found among men in sidde rices of distinction, and who never want to "get left" or to miss the chance of shining in a throng.

The movement took the form of a stampede, and the clergy, doctors, pall bearers, and others who were right in going to the tomb were surrounded and squeezed together and pressed almost to sufficiention, and almost upon the workmen who were already lifting the blue velvet coffin into the lead-lined fred cedar box. It was at this moment that Gen. Hancock, who had been a moment before almost alone with the policemen on the boards in front of who had been a moment before almost alone with the pointemen on the boards in front of the tomb, found himself buffeted, squeezed, and finally pushed outside the crowd, There an officer met him.

"Where shall I put the President?" the offi-

the tomb, found himself buffeted, squeezed, and finally pushed outside the crowd. There an officer mot him.

"Where shall I put the President?" the officer asked.

"Oh, I don't know." said Gen. Hancock, out of breath and almost beside himself.

"He's hore," the officer urged, "where shall he be taken?"

"I really don't know what to say. It should all have been arranged. Bring him here, bring him here. That will be best."

Off in the distance, outside the tangle of carriages, and further away than almost any one else, sat President Cleveland, staring at the strange seene, but with a perfectly immobile face. Vice-President Hendricks was by his side in the coupé. Beside them were the Secretary of the Navy and the Postmaster-General, Messrs. Whitney and Vilas. It is not probable that they understood the full depth and breadth of the situation. Un came the officer on horseback, and outstepped President Cleveland and the others. Way was made for them to reach a place within five feet of the coffin, only a Grand Army man or two being in front of them, and the pail bearers being before them on either side of the coffin, while the ciergymen were opposite, at the head of the coffin.

All around these personages, five or six rows deep, were all the others, pushed forward by those in the furthest line. Rutherford B. Hayen, mild, bucolic, and inquisitive, was seen with his body in one row and his head in the next row aboad, vainly endeavoring to see what everything was all about. Hebind him was Senator Evarts, and, further yet behind the tall, spare figure of Senator John Sherman.

But a hundred yards away forther than any of these, at the end of the grand stand, were some figures that attracted all the attention of the mutitude at the edges of the Park, who were unconscious of the stamped over the coffin. These were the ladies of the Grant family, in black dresses, the fronts of which were hird. Fred. Mrs. Ulyses, Mrs. Joses Grant, and Mrs. Sattoris. The sons of the General and they children were with them continges. Three

othe last row among many rows of persons who did not see it either.

OLD FOES ARM IN ARM.

The chunky form and rotund red face of Gen. Phil Sheridan attracted all eyes. He seemed the typical soldier, and it was apparent that of the three-Hancock, Sherman, and hinself—he was the only one likely to distinguish himself if war broke out to-morrow. Only 54 years old, and minus only the dash that used to distinguish him, but with that replaced by more solid qualities, his every movement showed that there was vigor and fire in bim yet. He wore the full uniform of a General, with a light buff-colored sash. He is very stout, red faced, and short haired, with a moustache that is less gray than his hair. He looked rather grim when his features were in repose, but every time he stock or was spoken to his face was lighted by a very genial smile. His companion at the coffin's side. Gen. Backner, is a stalwart, stout man, with a round ruddy face, snow white hair and moustache and goatee, a broad high forohead, and high dicative of strong will and shrewdness. He wore a sash of dove-colored silk over a plain suit of black.

Gen. Sherman stood head and shoulders above Gen. Sheridan, and a head above all the others. He has a sharp, aquiling nose and the thinnost of lips, and his close-cropped beard and moustache are made conspicuous by the redness of his face. He uniform was that which he were as the chief officer of the army under the dead President. He walked to the side of the coffin arm with Gen. Joe Johnston, bending low to talk with him, and amiling as the ex-

Confederate replied to his words. At the comme the two were parted, and Gen. Johnston, a little man with white hair and beard, who bears a striking facial resemblance to Gen. Robert E. Lee, and look of a college professor, went to the left hand and stood between Gen. Buckner and Adminal Poster. He is a kindly looking man. He wore pian black, and a dun-colored sash. He is 78 years old, and fought for his country in Florida and Mexico before he entered the war of twenty-four years ago.

Dr. Douglas, the Rev. Dr. Newman, and Bishop Harris stood at the head of the coffin, opposite the President and members of the Cabinet and Gen. Hancock. On the right side Sherman. Sheridan, and George Jones stood shoulder to sheuider, with ex-President Arthur, thinner and with deeper lines in his face than when he was President, just behind them and Hayes, Evarts and John Sherman behind them. President Cleveland has grown much stouter than when he became President, and no longer walks with the springy step that distinguished his carriage when he was Governor. The Grand Army ritual was first read, and flowers and a wreath were isid on the comb, while all in and around the park removed their hats. The Bishop's voice could be hoard by all in the crowd around the coffin, but by no others. The sun beat upon Gen. Sherman, who canted heavily, and whose Issee even streamed with parspiration. He held his chapeau by his side, and revosled a head of thick but short brown hair unchanged by years. Gen. Sheridan almost put his hat on at times in his anxiety is keep the floring the arrivers at the conclusion of his head. His eyes were closed most of the time during the services. At the conclusion of help ward, and shagered with it to the ceremony proceeded. At the conclusion Gen. Sherman clapped his called in the army. The effect was impressive. Tears atreamed from Dr. Douglass's eves as for a moment or two afterward.

The little Grant girls, grandehildren of the General, laid flowers upon the coffin, and again the bugler blew the call. Lights o

Commissioner Crimmins's custody.

Volley's over THE CRAYE.

While the final proceedings at the vault were going on the long gray and white line of the Seventh Regiment had, with an instantaneous motion, turned its back upon the throng about the vault, and stood facing the great mass of people that had pressed close up from the river back to its line. There was a simultaneous clicking of locks all along the regiment, and suddenly there roiled out a peal that sounded as though it had come from one gun. Not a straggling shot was heard. In this manner three voilers were discharged. Hardly had their echoes coased tumbling back from the Bergen Hills, across the river, when the Twenty-second, stationed just to the north of the Seventh, followed with a voiley that was hardly loss in unison. The two that came next were a trifling more scattering. The battery of artillery was on a knoll facing directly up the river, and from its four guns commenced thundering three salves, which was still in progress when the first symmetoms of disintegration manifested itself by the departure of the President and his Cabinet in two carriages, the first containing f President Cleveland and Vice-President Hendricks. They drove rapidly down the nill to the river, where they went on board the Dispatch. The regiments went home as they pleased.

When the throng began to disperse, and the carriages, the first containing (President Cleveland and Vice-President Hendricks, They drove rapidly down the nill to the river where they went on board the Dispatch. The regiments went home as they pleased.

When the throng began to disperse, and the coffin was being carried into the tomb, Gen. Sherman sought the weeping Indies, and spoke feelingly to them. Then he shook the President's hand. In the mean time, Gen. Johnston was seeking him in the other end of the crowd. When he found him he locked arms with him a moment and then paid his respects to the dead General's children. Gen. Buckner followed him and then while he took the arm of the red-faced, atout little man in blue and gold who conquored him on the field of battle. Gen. Johnston went to his carriage arm in arm with the soldier to whom he surrendered at Fort Donesson.

There was moto order in the dispersing than there had been in the gathering of the thing. Amid the din of cannonading and musketry the mourn ag relatives and the President and Cabinet were escorted to their carriage.

thing. Amid the din of cannonaling and musketry the mourn my relatives and the President and Cabinet were escorted to their carriages.

SEALING UP THE TOME.

A thousand men and women lingered around the tomb, at 6½ o'clock, when young Undertaker Sto, hen W. Merritt unlosked and swung onen the great from and oaken doors to allow Partick Crogan of Pittsburgh to seal the great solid steel outer case, which inclosed the coffin and its cedar box. Seven men from Troy descended into the tom, and by the light of flickering candles held anoft by a bey drove fifty-six boits of sizel into the front wall of the steel case, making it absolutely air tight and waterproof. Park policemen, and citizons who had got through the lines somehow, crept down toward the weirdly-lit tomb, and bagged and tried to buy bits of coal from the furnace at which the boits were heated, nices of burnt candle, rings of rubber from the boits, and even splinters of wood from the hox in which the boits were packed. They wanted them for relies. Some of the boits were found to be imperfect, and were drawn out of the steel case again. Park pellesmen and the steel case again. Park pellesmen and the steel case was fastened down in place upon the packing of plumbago, inserted baneath it to prevent possible damane to the marble slabs by reason of the great weight of the ereo case.

The work was over at 10 o close exactive, and Capt. Benttle of the Park police, Lapt. Pessenden of the Fifth Artillery, R. M. Walters, Jacob Rupert, and Boyer Spark min of the Circent' Funeral Committee of One Hundred, and throe reporters descended the vanit, filed past the coffin with uncovered heads, and then, at 10:05 o'clock. Undertaker Merritt locked the great doors with a huse brusen key and handed it over to Police Captain. Beattle, Then the police formed in double ranks and marched away in the faint monalight, leaving the tomb nunder the guarded the tomb all night long and until 9 o'clock this morning under Lieut. Frost. They were:

Sereant Jehn The tents will be moved up SEALING UP THE TOME.

Odd, Amusing, and Characteristic Happen.

One must have talked hard, from early until late in the day, to tell of the way in which people asted and looked in the hotels yesterday; how they crowded out of their beds into the lobbies, before the day was half begun; running, and stopping, and then running again; wrapping crare around their arms, chasing around for abits flowers for their wives and daughters to wear, or pining while the overworked constant waiters made them wait for something to cat. At 7 o'clock the

entrance to the Fifth Avonus Hotel had its reg-ular evening crowd of fashionably dressed men and foolistly dessed boys; only instead of looking at each other, they were carnestly

Oldest Established and the Most Mellable

Beware of Washing Compound Peddlers. Pyle's Pearline, the original, is never peptile h-4da

the chied offer are those who use Laird's White Linc bonn : rivalled for nursery and touet; delight-fully performed. Said by druggists everywhere. - Adt.

The prostration of thousands would have been pre-rented by the judicious use of Duny's Pure Mail Whis-key. Bold everywhere by druggists and grocers.—445. Railway fares lower than ever. Tickets to all points anning's, 207 Broadway. Bertha secured a week ahead

All grocers and Higgins's German Loundry Soap because it is the best - 4ds. Made specially for women, yet good for all, Carter's tron Pilk -- Ada